

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

*Aron.* Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp.  
 Stay murderous villaines, will you kill your brother?  
 Now by the burning tapers of the skie,  
 That shone so brightly when this boy was got,  
 He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,  
 That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.  
 I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,  
 With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,  
 Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,  
 Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:  
 What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted boyes,  
 Yee white-limbde walls, ye ale-house painted signes,  
 Cole-blacke is better then another hue,  
 In that it scornes to beare another hue:  
 For all the water in the Ocean,  
 Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,  
 Although she laue them hourelly in the flood:  
 Tell the Empresse from me I am of age  
 To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.  
*Demet.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?  
*Aron.* My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,  
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:  
 This before all the world do I preferre,  
 This manger all the world will I keepe safe,  
 Or some of you shall smooke for it in Rome.  
*Demet.* By this our mother is for euer shamed.  
*Chiron.* Rome will despise her for this foule escape.  
*Nurse.* The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.  
*Chiron.* I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.  
*Aron.* Why theres the priuiledge your beauty beares:  
 Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing  
 The close enacts and counsels of the hart:  
 Heeres a young lad framde of another leere,  
 Look how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,

As

*o' Titus Andronicus*

As who should say, old Lad I am th  
 He is your brother Lords, sensibl  
 Of that selfeblood that first gaeli  
 And from that wombe where you  
 He is infranchised and come to ligh  
 Nay he is your brother by the sure  
 Although my scale be stamped in h  
*Nurse.* *Aron* what shall I say vnt  
*Demet.* Aduise thee *Aron*, what is  
 And we will all subscribe to thy ad  
 Saue thou the childe so we may all  
*Aron.* Then sit we downe and let  
 My sonne and I will haue the wind  
 Keepe there, now talke at pleasure  
*Demet.* How many women saw t  
*Aron.* Why so braue Lords, wher  
 I am a Lambe, but if you braue the  
 The chafed Bore, the mountaine L  
 The Ocean swells not so as *Aron* ste  
 But say againe, how many saw the  
*Nurse.* *Cornelia*, the midwife and t  
 And no one else but the deliuered E  
*Aron.* The Empresse, the Midwi  
 Two may keepe counsell when the  
 Go to the Empresse, tell her this I  
 Weeke, week, so cries a Pigge prep  
*Demet.* What meanst thou *Aron*, v  
*Aron.* O Lord sir, tis a deed of po  
 Shall she lue to betray this gilt of o  
 A long tongu'd babling Gossip, no  
 And now be it knowne to you my f  
 Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Count  
 His wife but yesternight was broug  
 His childe is like to her, faire as you

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